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T H E S E S

1935

Volume II



PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION



C O N T E N T S

FOR THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS

"A Wonderful Adventure"-a Course in the Life of Christ for Children of Junior High School Age

Dorothy Isabelle Nelson

The Nature and Motive Power of the Ideal

Lucile Winifred Shackelford

The Social Teachings of Saint Paul

Lu Sybil Taylor

The Use of the Story in the Progressive Elementary Church School

Lillian Clark Treaster

Babylonian and Hebrew Views of Life after Death

Toru Yamazaki

"A WONDERFUL ADVENTURE"
A Course in the Life of Christ for
Children of Junior High School Age.

by

Dorothy Isabelle Nelson

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Thesis

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1935

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O Son of man, our hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrow, all our mirth.
O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And glowing heart that kindled at the zeal of youth.

Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King,
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.
O Son of man, our hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to thee we render,
Who, God-like, sharest all our sorrow, all our mirth.

-Frank Fletcher.

FOREWORD.

The Course:

The following stories were designed to give a brief picture of Jesus, from the standpoint of a leader and hero. This should serve as a starting point for discussion and research on the part of the student.

The chapters were inspired by a group of Junior High students who gave the following qualities of a hero;

Love of out of doors.

Leadership and initiative.

Knowledge of people.

Service and industry (opposite of laziness).

Fearlessness and courage.

Quick wits.

Loyalty.

Faith in others, faith in self, faith in God.

Except in three instances these stories follow in this sequence. These differences lie in the first two chapters which deal with the geography of the Holy Land and the Political situation; and in the fact that "Fearlessness" and "Quick wits" have been combined.

These lessons are arranged to last for twelve weeks. The first week is to be spent in introduction to the material, discussion of the trip to Palestine, and examination of ship folders, so that when the first chapter is started

the students will be well acquainted with the countries surrounding Palestine and be able to place the country in their minds.

The conclusion of the course may be made interesting by acting out of a chapter, or another play, of the life of Jesus. Another way is by a brief report submitted to the whole department during their assembly period; or by merely quizzing the children on information gleaned from the course.

A way to carry out the latter, which has proved successful in a group of ninth grade boys; is to organize them in a game. Line them up, and go down the line asking each one a question based upon the information presented. If he fails to answer he goes to the foot of the line. When two in succession cannot answer, the last one looks up the answer and tells the group. The object is of course to stay at the head of the line.

It is a very difficult and a practically impossible matter to test how a story has changed habit patterns of a child; has given him something concret to build into his character to help in time of trouble and in every day living. We can only trust that we have guided his feet in the right direction.

How to Use the Course:

A copy of the story and questions might be placed in

the hands of each pupil on the day that it is to be studied. Ordinarily the stories should not be read by the pupils before coming to class.

It is suggested that the teacher read the story with the children, and work from that into the discussion. The handwork could follow this. There is, however, no set formula to follow; the method to use is the one that fits the situation.

The Handwork:

There have been several suggestions throughout the course on handwork, but before any is attempted have an object in view and let the children know the objective. Never have handwork just for the sake of handwork.

If a relief map is too difficult, a paper map is suggested. Another way of carrying this out is on a sand table. The sand may be dampened and pressed into shape. This is not so satisfactory, however, for the sand may slip out of shape after drying.

The scrapbook, if well kept, containing poetry and articles about Jesus and incidents in his life that the child wishes to keep, is a fine thing, but should not be forced by the teacher.

The notebook described in chapter four, is a difficult bit of outside work in which to interest a child and to carry out in proper form. It is the suggestion of the writer that

the child place in his book all the services that he could render to people, or habits he wished to encourage. Each day he would write down whether or not he had accomplished a step toward his goal, and suggestions for the future. This should be the child's own book and shared with the teacher only if the child wished.

Another piece of activity that may interest the children of this age who are in many cases self-conscious about acting, is to have a set of puppets which they can work to act out the stories or ones they write themselves.

The Room:

The classroom arrangement is important. The lighting should be good, the chairs comfortable, and if possible the room nicely decorated. The children of this age respond to a nicely arranged room to a surprising extent. A vase of flowers, although a simple matter, changes the atmosphere of the room to one of comfort and interest.

Have as many books as possible dealing with the subject on hand, in as many accessible places as can be arranged. At all times stimulate the class to look up material in discussion. Pictures and maps should be placed so as to be seen. These should be changed or re-arranged every Sunday unless continuously in use. The children enjoy helping in this activity.

Books that are not actually in the church library,

can often be borrowed from the public library or from private individuals.

The Teacher:

Because of the very sketchiness of the following chapters, it is necessary for the teacher to have a fund of knowledge at his fingertips. This is obtained by reading a good life of Christ in book form and in the gospels. These books should be read before starting the course; Kent's "The Life and Teaching of Jesus", a brief scholarly study of the man; and Streibert, "Youth and the Bible". The latter book is a study of how to present the Bible to children, and is the best book published in this field.

The author tells us that in teaching the life of Jesus we should stress these points; "Jesus' need of friends, and his faithfulness to them; his lack of support in his home circle and home town; the way in which no slights or misunderstandings were allowed to depress him; the quick, intuitive sympathy with others who were in need; the necessity of escape at times from the crowd to be alone with God who was so real to him; the love of beauty in nature and in man's heart; the way in which he found a great task where many would have lived in a limited and petty existence; the way in which he carried on through a tragic cost to himself, the vision which he had of great realities which sus-

tained him through his constant contact with the sordid, and ignoble; the way in which he lived up to his ideals in meeting his temptations, doubts and difficult problems; his power of making a few of the most important things central in a busy life and yet keeping in the circumference the many little things that made life normal and happy (John the Baptist denounced them); his radiance and charm, his power over men and women, his abiding presence after he conquered death." page 157

To many of our young people, the picture of Jesus is portrayed in the somber colors of suffering love, passivity, and solemnness. Too often have they heard Jesus spoken of as "lamb of God", "meek and lowly o" heart", and the emphasis placed upon his suffering for each one. There has grown up in the children's minds the question of just who is Jesus, and why they are being constantly reminded to follow his teaching and use his life as a pattern. To an adolescent, following the footsteps of a man who suffered continuously, was gloomy, and had feminine characteristics is far from appealing.

Unless we can picture to them Jesus the Man, the Hero, the Ideal we shall have little success in stimulating enthusiasm about him. To Jesus, life was a glorious adventure, just as it is to every young man with high ideals who is starting out to win the world.

We have taken upon ourselves the responsibility of

showing to these children the truest picture possible of Jesus so that they will love him and vow to be his friend and follower for all time. It therefore behooves us to prepare ourselves in the best possible way to make us worthy of our responsibility.

Here is the Truth in a little creed,
Enough for all the roads we go
In Love is all the law we need,
In Christ is all the God we know.
-Edwin Markham.

CHAPTER ONE

WE GO TO PALESTINE

WE GO TO PALESTINE

A good way to introduce this is by taking the class on a hike and having the lesson on the hillside.

1. Before starting this lesson, have the children bring in folders of steamship lines which show how to reach the Holy Land. A knowledge of how to get there and places that would be touched by the steamer will help to place the situation of the country in their minds.
2. The discussion of the way to reach the country would, of course, precede this trip.
3. If an interest in handwork is aroused, a very good way of learning the geography is by the making of a relief map of the country.

WE GO TO PALESTINE

As the ship approached Palestine, Jack and I were on deck, straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the land we had come so far to see. Our father stood behind and watched us smilingly.

Soon we caught a glimpse of the shore. It looked like a long thin line with no indentation in it for a harbor; a rather flat country with distant purple mountains; bare and hot, uninteresting - especially that little town of Jaffa with its flat white buildings. Frankly I was disappointed. But Jack was worried. "Say, Dad," he said, "How ever are we to reach shore?"

We soon found out when the ship anchored about a mile from shore that we were to travel in to land in rather large row boats, which certainly were a change from the large ship.

It was late and we were tired, so we went immediately to the hotel where we had reserved accomodations. That night after dinner my father called Jack and me and opened the conversation: "Now boys, I've purposely said very little about Palestine on the way over because I wanted you to see for yourselves. Palestine defies explanation, sight unseen.

"The picture you've had of it this afternoon is not completely true, for it is only a glimpse, a very hazy glimpse of the country.

"Now, here are a few facts. Palestine is very small. It is only 140 miles long and from 45-80 miles broad. It is

about the size of Vermont, and you know that that is one of our smallest states. You can go thru Palestine by auto in one day, and on some of the mountains like Mt. Nebo, Mt. Tabor, Nebj Samwil, you can see the complete country and part of the great desert.

"It is a tiny land, roughly sandwiched between the harborless sea, a great desert, parts of which have never seen rain, the country of Syria at the North, and Egypt on the South."

"O shucks!" said Jack, "I always thought that it was large - as large as - well - almost as large as the United States. That spoils everything!"

"Why?" asked Dad. "Now, just stop a moment and think about it. Its smallness emphasized the great part it has played in history. Can you think of as small a country that has so greatly influenced history?"

"Greece?" I asked.

"No," he reminded me, "Greece is itself twice as large as Palestine." He continued: "There is no country in this world that at all compares with the broken up surface of this land. The great mountains of Hermon and Lebanon that rise north of Palestine march down the country in great ranges that separate the country into four parts. Hermon ranges are called "Mountains of the Ab Orion" or "The Mountains of Those on the Other Side" ^{1.} and are on the eastern side of the land reaching out 2000 to 3000 feet high. Then comes the narrow deep trench which is the second strip. This is a very curious trench tucked in between the ranges of the Lebanon and Hermon

Mountains. Way up north where it starts it is high above the sea, and here the Jordan River springs. Then it sinks rapidly until the Lake of Huleh where it is seven feet above the Mediterranean. Seven miles further south at the Sea of Galilee it has sunk 680 feet below sea level. When it reaches the Dead Sea this remarkable trench has dropped to 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean. Our own Death Valley in California is only 256 feet below sea."

"Boy!" said Jack. "I'll bet it's hot there!"

"Yes, on the eastern part of the Dead Sea the temperature goes almost to 140. Now the third strip of land is another strip of mountain range on the western side of the Jordan trench, which starts from the southern slopes of the Lebanon Mountain, but unlike the mountains of Abarim, this range is broken up by valleys as the mountain proceeds down thru Galilee. The first break is the Plain of Esdraelon south of Nazareth. (We'll see that soon.) Then it becomes mountain range again at Samaria. This range is called the Central Range and is ordinarily 2,400 feet high.

"The last main strip is the one that we saw today, the stretch of land that lies between the mountains and the Mediterranean. It is very narrow at the north. Well, enough of that. We'll see for ourselves tomorrow!"

I stopped him, "But this broken up land - what does that mean? Is the climate different?"

"Yes," he answered, "It certainly does mean just that. There are violent contrasts of climate and soil in this little

land seldom seen elsewhere. Probably because of that the Jews never had national unity or independence for any length of time. It created many varieties of classes and tribes that did not associate and were jealous of each other. The shepherds on the hills felt separate and unfriendly with the vine keepers in the plains below. That's one of the reasons the Jews hated the Samaritans so much, and they are only about 25 miles from Jerusalem.

"But don't forget, boys, that out of this tiny broken-up land came two of the three greatest religions of today - Judaism and Christianity, while Mohammedanism obtained much of its inspiration from these two."

The next morning early we left by motor for Nazareth, for Father wanted to see the picture of Palestine from the village where Jesus spent his boyhood and dreamed his dreams. From there we were going to motor down to Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

The trip was interesting with its bare rolling hills, but the thing that astonished us was the great number of rocks. The country was covered with them. Father smiled when we mentioned them and said, "Yes, there is an old legend about them - that God put all the rocks for the earth into two bags and gave them to an angel to distribute over the world. Over Judea one of the bags broke, so now here are half of all the rocks of the world!"

We came upon Nazareth almost unprepared. We could see it from far off, but when we started climbing up, it was lost from view. Suddenly we saw it on the edge of the plateau about one thousand feet above sea, Nestled in a sheltering cup

in the mountains was Nazareth, surrounded by cultivated vineyards, orchards, and fields of grain. It is a rather large town having about 8000 people, all busy with the same occupations that occupied people during Jesus' time.

The picture from the hillside above Nazareth was the same that Jesus must have so often seen. It seemed as though he were there with us as we looked upon the land of the chosen people of Jehovah.

There was no haze, every separate feature of the land stood proudly out against the landscape. At our feet was the great plain of Esdraelon with its patchwork of cultivation. To the west Mt. Carmel stood out and beyond it the shining Mediterranean. For long distances the rounded arc of the shore line could be seen. Across the plain of Esdraelon we saw Carmel range, and beyond that the hills of Samaria. Following around as far east as we could see, we saw the mountains of Gideon where Saul and Jonathan died, little Hermon, Tabor, fortified by the Maccabees, the great Jordan Valley, and then to the north the glorious white-topped Hermon. We could see then why the Psalmists sang, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills!"

We didn't like to leave these beautiful hills, but Father said that we could come back again and spend some days in Nazareth, but now we must go at once to Jerusalem because he had to meet a friend there the next day.

We spent the day in Nazareth and the next morning early we left for Jerusalem, over a rough stony road, and arrived there early in the afternoon. We had traveled about 80 miles

in four or five hours by motor where Jesus, a young boy, spent days walking.

It's hard to talk about Jerusalem, that ancient city, set upon a hill and proudly overlooking the surrounding country with its great temple set on the mound. There is a wall about it, and narrow gloomy gates, and crooked little streets. It was all confusing - the crowds of people all seemed to speak different languages and shout all at once, the queer shops, and the smells. It was thrilling but very bewildering, and I felt that I wanted to get away from the whole city for a while to rest up. Jack was looking a little strained too, so when Father asked us what we would like to do when he was busy that afternoon, I asked if Jack and I couldn't go out in the country and lie under a tree for a while.

He looked surprised and spoke slowly, "Well, I guess that would be all right. I'll take you out now. I've an hour yet and if I take more than an hour or two, don't worry."

We drove a few miles out along the road to a group of trees and climbed out. Dad cautioned us, "Now, don't go away from here. You know I promised Mother to bring you back safe and sound. If I find I'll be late, I'll send the chauffeur out after you."

With a sigh of relief Jack and I sat down under the trees.

FOOTNOTES for
WE GO TO PALESTINE

1 Baikie, page 4.

CHAPTER TWO

UNDER A TREE

UNDER A TREE

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

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Pages 52-57

Kent: "Biblical Geography and History"

Pages 207-236

Klausner: "Jesus of Nazareth"

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Burgess: "The Life of Christ"

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Sledd: "St. Mark's Life of Jesus"

Pages 13-29

OBJECTIVE: To give a brief outline of the political situation of the times, so that the pupils may see Jesus in his background and so understand him more fully.

It was a hot, drowsy afternoon the day we lay under the trees by the roadside, watching the steady slow stream of traffic go by. We lazily commented on the flowing-robed, dark-eyed men, the quiet women with their water pots, and the patient little donkeys that ambled by. It seemed hard to imagine these quiet folks as incensed against people of another race, as the stories tell of their feeling for the Romans.

I leaned on my elbow and said reflectively, "You know, Jack, I'd like to have seen those Romans myself." There was no reply, and as I glanced over toward him, there he was, fast asleep, and I'd been talking to him steadily for ten minutes! In a moment I too was nodding. It seemed just a moment when I leaped to my feet at a sound of distant tramping and loud voices. Jack too had heard, for he was at my elbow, saying in a frightened whisper, "Wassat?"

I looked at him in amazement. He was wearing the strangest clothes - a sort of striped tunic, and why! his shoes were gone! And in their place his own feet were burned a rich brown as were his face and arms. I caught the amazed look in his eye, and in an instant surmised the situation - I had gotten my wish! We were living about 2000 years ago!

There was no time to speak, just enough time to duck behind the trees when around the bend of the road came a small company of Jews being driven from the road by a group

of soldiers. The men, four of them, took refuge beside us, the younger ones with breath heaving and eyes flashing, while the old man just sat, infinitely sad and pathetic.

It was a beautiful sight - those stalwart soldiers marching with a steady, heavy tread, their eyes to the front, and their strong brown bodies moving rhythmatically. The sun flashed on their breastplates and their short swords at their sides, and twinkled on the long swords at their sides, and twinkled on the long spears they carried on their shoulders. It was a beautiful, yet terrifying sight, so that Jack who loved marching could not help a long whistle of admiration, which moved the young men to a burst of muttered curses.

But that wasn't all. Following the soldiers came so many great men with chariots and horses and a mighty company - more soldiers and slaves, white men and black men and yellow men, and banners and trumpets.

The procession took quite a while to pass, and as the surprise wore off, I began to wonder about them, and taking my courage in my hands I spoke to the old man, "Please, sir, we are strangers here. Could you tell us who those are, and why you hate them so?"

The old man and his companions looked at us strangely, and he spoke wonderingly, "Surely, my children, you must have come from a far country that you do not recognize the Roman oppressors when you see them. I will be glad to tell you a-

bout them, for the story deals with our illustrious past. May Jehovah have mercy on us for our sins." There was a long pause, and his voice rose in a mournful chant which the young men joined in:

Psalm 74:1-11

O God, why hast thou cast us off for ever?

Why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep of thy pasture?

Remember thy congregation, which thou hast purchased of old;

The rod of thine inheritance, which thou hast redeemed;

This mount Zion, wherein thou hast dwelt.

Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations; Even all that the enemy hath done wickedly in the sanctuary.

Thine enemies roar in the midst of thy congregations; They set up their ensigns for signs.

A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.

But now they break down the carved work thereof at once with axes and hammers.

They have cast fire into thy sanctuary,

They have defiled by casting down the dwellingplace of thy name to the ground.

They said in their hearts, Let us destroy them together: They have burned up all the synagogues of God in the

land.

We see not our signs: there is no more any prophet:
 Neither is there among us any that knoweth how long.
 O God, how long shall the adversary reproach?
 Shall the enemy blaspheme thy name for ever?
 Why withdrawest thou thy hand, even thy right hand?
 Pluck it out of thy bosom."

Their voices died away - when the youngest of the men spoke in a fierce voice, "But there is to come one who will save us, who will drive these cursed Romans into the sea." The old man sighed, "Aye, there will, and may Jehovah send him soon."

The old man spoke, "Never since our great King David had our country been so glorious, never had Jehovah so smiled upon us as He did during the days of the Maccabeans. I have heard my grandfather tell how John Hyrcanus, and his brother Judas Aristobulus and his son Alexander Jannaeus conquered Philistine, and caused the land of Israel again to be as great as the kingdom of the shepherd boy David and his son Solomon, whom Jehovah so loved.

"But there was no longer peace in the land of Israel, for soon Herod, son of the Idumean Antipater wrested the land from our ancestors, and became king with the Romans helping him.

"How we suffered under him! In his notorious way he murdered our people of the glorious house of the Maccabeans. I remember the day when he had Marianne and her two sons put

to death. She a true woman!

"He brought the Gentile Greeks into our land and built their theatre and amphitheatre for games in our own Jerusalem. He put to death hundreds of our people for refusing to worship him - our people who owe allegiance only to Jehovah! His spies were everywhere to pounce upon us like dogs if we so much as made an utterance against him! Is it a wonder that we now celebrate his death like a holiday? Tool of the Romans that he was, 'He stole along to his throne like a fox, he ruled like a tiger, and died like a dog!' ^{2.}

^{3.}

"Archelaus, son of Herod, was like his father, one day killing 3000 people in the temple! It was then that many of our elders went to Rome to plead with Augustus, to set free Jehovah's land from the defiling of the Gentiles. While they were gone was the temple desecrated and looted by Roman soldiers, and the city burned. Those were sad days for our land.

"Augustus listened to their pleas, and sent Archelaus into exile and a procurator came in his place, not to govern the whole of the land of Israel, for Herod's sons Antipas had Galilee and Perea, and Philip had the outlying districts of Galilee (Butanea Argot or Trachonitis and the Hauron and eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee) but as governor of Judea.

"We no longer have a king but now have a heathen procurator who keeps an army in our city of Jerusalem, who selects and deposes the high priests, the highest servants of God, and who keeps the robes of these high priests hidden away except on our feast days!

"Pontius Pilate is now the governor, and it was he who

brought the images into Jehovah's city of Jerusalem, and it was only when thousands of our people protested and preferred to die rather than let them stay did he take them down. I was there when the soldiers rushed upon us, but not one yielded. He used the sacred money of the temple to build an aqueduct!"

Then one of the young men spoke, "I have heard Herod Antipas in Galilee married Herodias, wife of his brother, and he with a wife, daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia! Besides that he has engraved the images of the emperor upon his coins! The Roman dog!" 4.

The old man sighed. "How long, O Jehovah, art Thou to be angry with thy people?"

He rose slowly to his feet, and turning to us, said, "May the peace of Jehovah be with you!" And with that he and the young men passed down the road and out of sight.

We watched them for a moment, and then as the sun was getting lower, we too rose and walked toward the setting sun. "Boy!" said Jack. "Were they mad! You know, that young man sounded like Uncle Dan during the last presidential election!"

I was not listening - I was thinking. "I wonder about them. You remember on the boat coming over Dad told us that the Jews were really much more prosperous under the Roman rule. There wasn't so much fighting. You can't please everybody, but then I can see why they were so upset."

UNDER A TREE

SUGGESTED DISCUSSION:

- a. A comparison of the situation then and now.
- b. The characters of the rulers.
- c. Were the Jews fair in their criticism of the Rulers?
- d. What kind of Messiah were they looking for?

SUGGESTED RESEARCH:

1. Have the children check up in reference books points in the story that the Jews told.
2. For the next week have them find out the kinds of homes the Jewish people live in. Which of the two passages gives a correct picture of the roofs of Jewish peasant homes?

Mark 2:4-5 or Luke 5:18-19

FOOTNOTES for
"UNDER A TREE"

1. 165 B. C. Judas, called Maccabaeus ("Hammer"), and his four brothers revolted against the Syrian king Antiochus Epiphanus, who tried to force the Jews to give up their religion. Under Judas' leadership Jerusalem was captured. He was killed in battle and his brother Jonathan in 161 B. C. took up the work. Jonathan sided with a rival king in Syria and was made high priest and military commander in Judea, and slowly increased the country's independence. Simon came into power in 145 and after him his son John Hyrcanus in 135. Under his direction religion was made subordinate to politics, and it was then that the Pious, later known as "Pharisees", or Separatists' party, came into being - the group that wanted foreign allegiances broken off and all energies given over to religion. The Sadducees, or liberal party, were more interested in politics. Their relationship was very bitter. John's son Aristobulus, was the first to call himself king, but he reigned only one year, 105-104 B. C. His brother Alexander Jannaeus came to the throne, a warrior and king with little thought of the high priesthood that was entrusted to him also. A desperate civil war swept the country, which Alexander at last quelled, and the Pharisees were compelled to flee. It was under him that the country reached almost the boundaries of Solo-

mon's time and became prosperous. His wife reigned 78-69 B. C., and at her death civil war broke out with her sons as leaders - Hyrcanus II a Pharisee, and Aristobulus II a Sadducee. The parties brought their troubles to Pompey, a Roman General, to arbitrate, and he gave the decision to Hyrcanus. Aristobulus refused to accept it, and Pompey waged war, and the Jews became Roman subjects. Hyrcanus became high priest but was refused the title of king, and an able man, Antipater the Idumean, became advisor.

Antipater's sons, Herod and Phasael, aided him in ruling - the former greatly hated by the Jews for his severity. Antipater died, and Antigonus, son of Aristobulus II invited the Parthians to help him retrieve his throne. Phasael was captured along with Hyrcanus II; the former committed suicide, and Herod fled to Rome. Here Antony and Octavius appointed him king of Judea, and after vanquishing Antigonus established himself king of Palestine, and ruled with Marianne, a Maccabean princess 37-4 B. C.

The greatest works on this are:

Schürer: "The Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ"

Div. II Vol. I, II

Mathews: "A History of New Testament Times in Palestine"

Riggs: "History of the Jewish People during the Maccabean and Roman Periods."

3. Herod divided his kingdom between his three sons, Archelaus, Antipas, and Philip. These divisions lasted during the life of Jesus. Archelaus ruled 4 B. C. to 6 A. D., when he was deposed by Augustus for his atrocities to the Jews and Samaritans. It must have been a desperate situation for the Jews and Samaritans to unite for a common cause. Delegates from both of the countries went to Augustus together.
4. Herod and Herodias are the only ones reproved by John in Luke 3:19-20.

CHAPTER THREE

OUR NEW FRIENDS

OUR NEW FRIENDS

This chapter may be introduced by:

1. A hike the week before.
2. Taking the class on a walk and having the lesson on a hillside.
3. Discussion of activities outdoors that the children enjoy.

Note to the teacher: There is nothing in the gospels that gives this material. It is fictitious, based on "The Hidden Years" by Oxenham.

Objective: To make clear the love of out of doors that Jesus had, his strength, and something of his charm that the pupils might see that their Ideal was also a Man, and one they want to follow.

We were walking down the road with its few scattered pedestrians toward the setting sun when suddenly Jack turned to me and said in a frightened voice, "Say, Dan, where are we going to sleep tonight, and what are we going to eat?" He didn't realize how his voice carried until a tall man several yards ahead of us turned, and coming to us, said in a rich musical voice, "I could not but overhear the little one." He said, looking smilingly at Jack, "I should be honored to have you share my poor home and food this night."

"Boy, that would be swell!" exclaimed Jack enthusiastically. The man didn't quite understand, but there was no mistaking Jack's joy at the invitation. I myself lacked none of his enthusiasm but tried to act dignified as I thanked our new friend.

On the short walk to his home, he questioned us as to our names, and on finding that mine was Daniel (after an uncle), my brother's was John (nicknamed Jack), he nodded, but looked puzzled when he asked our father's name, and said, "Robert - that has a strange sound." He looked about to ask more questions, but oriental hospitality forbade too many questions of guests, so he did not question us further.

It was almost dark when we reached the house, and a tall boy a year or two older than Jack came out to meet

us; and with his hand on the boy's shoulder our friend said with fine pride in his voice, "This is my son, Mark. My son, our friends Daniel ben Robert and John ben Robert." "Peace be with Thee," Mark said quietly, but with a friendly look in his eye, and we went inside.

It was a very interesting house, made of stone with a flat mud- and straw-covered roof. One half of the large room was built about 4 or 5 feet above the lower part. (We found out later that the lower part was reserved for the domestic animals in winter.) A flight of stairs on the outside lead to the roof. (We slept here later in the evening.) Inside the house were large grain and food bins, and stone jars for water and oil. Rolled up on the side were the mats and skins that were the beds. In the middle of the platform was a brazier in which a little fire was burning. The house did not look very comfortable from our western point of view, but it looked like home to Jack and me.

After washing carefully, which seemed to be a ritual for them, we sat on the floor while our friend's wife and little daughter served us.

Later as we were sitting talking, and the women were eating, a few men came in, evidently neighbors, and sat with us. One young man, Joseph, with a kindly, thoughtful face came and sat by me. After a few murmured words of greeting he spoke, "I saw him again today, and have heard from Simon Peter that he intends to go to Jerusalem.

You know what that means!" The older man, called Ezra spoke, "Yes, but he has already left."

At my inquiring look the young man said, in an amazed tone, "You know not Jesus ben Joseph, the Nazarene, who has been teaching and healing these three years?" I felt a thrill run through me as the thought came to me that Jesus was here now, but I didn't trust myself to speak, but only nodded and clutched Jack's hand.

There was a silence and Ezra spoke, "I was in Nazareth many years ago, and knew him as a boy. Even then he could turn out beautiful yokes for my oxen that did not fret them as well as his father could." I could see the memories crowding in on him, and waited breathlessly for him to continue.

"There was nothing greatly outstanding in him, nothing that would make one prophesy that one day he would be a man so greatly loved of Jehovah. He was Eleazer's age and often they played together in an afternoon or a holiday, going into the hills to spend a day tramping over old Tabor. Eleazer said that he was a merry companion, often sought after by the village boys. He often had a new game for them to play. He could think of them in a moment, especially when the boys were making cruel sport of a person or animal. He was the leader of the games and never had the boys so good a time, said my Eleazer, as when

Jesus would lead them. He knew more about the hillside flowers and birds than any rabbi, and they seemed to love him. I've seen birds light unafraid and eat out of his hands.

"I have often heard Eleazer and even young Joseph here, only a very small child, tell of playing on old Tabor and hearing the stories he could tell for hours. Words seemed to come easily to his lips, and he had a marvelous way about him to make people listen!"

The little gathering nodded, and young Joseph spoke enthusiastically,

"Aye, there's a man for you! A man of the people, there is nothing fancy about him. He is one of us. That is one reason why we love him. He is one of us. His life has been one of hardship just as ours; he does not belong to the classes of learned scribes or self-righteous Pharisees, nor unsympathetic Sadducees, but to our class. His life has not been one of ease, but he has struggled as we have for our daily bread. The story is told that he was born in a stable, a rough beginning for so great a man, but it helps show that he is one of us, for how many of you were born in as rude a place as a stable?"

The men nodded with flashing eyes, while Jack and I held our breath.

"Shucks!" said Jack before I could stop him. "That's nothing. Cows are nice. My grandfather has some, and they won't scare a baby. But I'll tell you something - he

was sure strong, 'cause when he was only a little boy he walked from Nazareth to Jerusalem with his folks to the Passover, and that's eighty miles, and it's rocky and up and down hill, and eighty miles is long to walk; is he still strong like that?"

I was very embarrassed to have him speak out with these men, but after the first look of surprise they listened quietly, some with a slight smile on their faces, especailly when he mentioned the cows. Our host spoke quietly and said,

"Yes, Dad, I think you are right that that is a walk, but Jewish boys are trained to endure hardships such as that. I can say that Jesus the Teacher is as strong now. Did he not support his family at the carpentry trade for some years after the death of Joseph? He has walked from Nazareth to Jerusalem. and from Nazareth to Capernaum, and all about our country. His teaching is different from the scribes. He talks from the hillside, on the lake - seldom in the synagogue. His temple is under Jehovah's sky and we love him for it."

It was getting late, and the men rose quietly and with a murmured, "Peace be with you", left into the soft night.

Our host gave us a mat with some skins and lead the way to the roof where we were to sleep. The stars seemed so close and large in their blue setting, it seemed that

we could reach up and pick them. Jack quickly changed my poetic thoughts, for he nudged me hard, and in a loud whisper said, "Say, let's go and meet Jesus. I'd like to go on a hike with him."

I thought so too, for was he not the most sought-after guest?

SUGGESTED DISCUSSION

1. Do you think that Jesus would be a pleasant companion on a hike or at a party?
2. What made him so popular?
3. Would it be possible for us to acquire these happy qualities? How?
4. Would you gather from this story that Jesus wants us to be happy? Was Jesus himself a happy person? How do you know?

SUGGESTED HANDWORK:

If the class is made up of girls they might enjoy dressing dolls to represent the characters in the story, or a model house of the one here described could be made from cardboard and perhaps set in a sand table.

CHAPTER FOUR

A DAY WITH MARK

A DAY WITH MARK

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Matthew 4:13-22, 10:1-42, 18:12-14

Mark 1:16-20, 6:7-13

Luke 5:1-11, 10:1-20, 15:3-7

Kent, C.F. "The Life and Teachings of Jesus."

pages 75-80, 111-121

OBJECTIVE: To show the leadership and initiative of Jesus,
in such a way that the children will desire
to develope the qualities in their own charaaters.

A DAY WITH MARK

We awoke early the next morning, but the household was already astir, so we leaped to our feet and made our way down the outside steps to the house. After breakfast of odd-looking bread, some cheese and figs, we started out with Mark to help him look after the sheep.

It was a beautiful day, and Mark, Jack and I ran off as though on a holiday with the dog at our heels. The sheep grazed quietly in the shade by a small clear stream, and did not seem to mind our running up and down the slight hills. Since leaving the house where he was the eldest son, Mark seemed to have shed his dignity as one would an old coat, and such fun and such shoutings as were carried on! Finally, from sheer exhaustion we lay down under the tree panting and laughing. Jack gave us a demonstration of the great man we had seen yesterday.

It wasn't long before Jack too got tired and settled down with us as we lay on our stomachs watching the sheep.

Jack spoke suddenly with his usual quick changes of mood: "You know, this reminds me of the Bible poem that Dad likes and reads to us. I learned it, too. It goes:

'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,

He leadeth me beside the still waters,

He restoreth my soul.

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness

for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death

I will fear no evil, for thou art with me:
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies.

Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord
forever.' "

Mark shot Jack a quick appreciative look. "Yes," he replied, "That's one of my favorites too.

"It also is the favorite of the great teacher Jesus, of whom we were speaking last night, for he told a story to the men who follow him, and Simon Peter told my father. The master said that once there was a man who had a great flock of sheep, one much larger than this - about like my uncle's - and he took them along a long path to find pasture land. One day when he came back at night he noticed that one was gone, and he remembered that it was one of the little lambs, and so he went out to look for it. After long searching in the bushes and along the stony path he found it, and carried it home with great rejoicing. Peter said that the Master looked at them and said that Jehovah God the Father loves each one of us like that."

He turned to me suddenly: "Do you think He does?"

The question stumped me for a moment. Then I said, "Yes, I do believe it is so. If it were not so, why would Jesus have said that it was?"

"That's so. He doesn't say untruths. No, he doesn't," said Mark suddenly, straightening a little. "He is a man!"

Jack was impressed; "Tell us more about him. What is he like? Do you like him? What does he do?" Mark's eyes shone, his face lighted, and he spoke with enthusiasm. "He is a man I'd like to follow if only I were big enough." Suddenly his voice dropped, and he spoke low and thrillingly, "You know, I saw him once, not long ago." Jack and I at once shouted, "You did!?"

"Yes, my father and I had gone to Galilee and we found him teaching a great many people out doors and I wanted so badly to see him, I pushed my way through the crowd. Simon Peter saw me and was angry, and he frightened me, but the Master saw and he told Peter that it was all right, that I was to come beside him. I don't know what he said," Mark's voice dropped lower, "but he looked at me and smiled and I knew that he was my friend, my friend for all the time!" he finished triumphantly.

After a little pause he went on, "I wish I had been there when he made friends and helpers of Simon Peter and the rest, for then I too would have left all my things and gone to him."

"What happened?" asked impatient Jack. "Tell us about it." "Well," began Mark, "Jesus came in from the wilderness

where he had disappeared for many days, and went to Capernaum, the largest city in Galilee, on the Sea of Galilee, you know, and one day he was walking along the beach and he saw Simon Peter and his brother Andrew. They were fishing. I think he had met them before, but he told them that he wanted them for friends and helpers, and they left their fishing and went with him. He told James and John too that he wanted them to help him, and they too left their business to help him. I asked Peter if I had been there if Jesus would have asked me too, because I want so much to help him, and Peter laughed; but my father said that I was too young and was needed too much at home to follow him; but I could be a friend just the same by doing the things he taught people to do, and helping other people to love him and love Jehovah our God. Peter told me that Jesus wanted friends to help him when he is away and that is what I am trying to do."

Jack was hard to convince. "You mean that they left everything and went with him?"

Mark was surprised. "Why yes. When Jesus asks you, you want to do all that he says." After a pause he went on. "He chose many more like that, and they went with him as he traveled about Galilee and he taught them, and they helped him teach the people. Later, when they began to understand what he was teaching, he sent them out into the land to teach and help the people. He would not let them take anything with them but just the clothes they wore, no money, no extra clothes, and no food. Then they went into the towns and the people who listened to them gave them things to eat and were glad to do it. The

teacher was very pleased with their success, for when they came back, he rejoiced in their good work. It was due to these helpers of Jesus that people came to know and love him and Jehovah. People who live in the far places and the little places where Jesus could not go learned because of these friends, and the teacher loved them for so helping him. And I am going to do that, too."

We rose to our feet, and called the dog and started the sheep on their homeward journey. We were very quiet, when Jack spoke up, "Can I too be a friend of Jesus and help him?"

"Yes," said Mark, after a moment, "Yes, you can if you love him and the Father God, and do the things he taught, and obey others. Yes, my father says that Jesus needs all men to help him and be his friends!" Jack sighed, and we walked on, not paying much attention to the sheep until we reached their fold. Suddenly Mark shouted, "Two of them are missing! - a mother and her lamb. We must go back quickly, for there are wolves that prey at night on these poor creatures."

We quickly drove the sheep into the fold and set out after the two sheep. After tramping almost the entire way back we found them caught in the bushes, the poor mother half dead with fright. Mark gathered the little trembling one in his arms and the mother trotted quietly at his heels.

Jack's eyes were large and bright, and he came over to me and said in a soft awed voice, "I know just how that shepherd felt. I'm glad God loves us like that, aren't you? Let's go find Jesus and show him that we want to be his friends."

FOOTNOTES FOR

A DAY WITH MARK

1. Matthew 10:1-5; Luke XI says that there were 70 commissioned to go on the evangelistic tour

DISCUSSION

What were the teachings of Jesus that his friends taught the people?

Do you think that Mark was right in feeling that he was a friend of Jesus and could help him?

Can people now do that? How?

In what way do we serve Jesus?

Does God love us the way the story Jesus told would have us believe?

How do we know?

Would you leave business and follow Jesus as the fishermen did?

If Jesus lived now, would he have friends as he did years ago?

SUGGESTED OUTSIDE WORK

1. A private notebook kept by the pupil which the teacher may help and examine, in which the child keeps a list of service he could render.

SUGGESTED HANDIWORK

1. This might be a good time to have the children start a scrap book of poetry about Jesus, articles or anything pertaining to him. They could also include qualities and reasons why they like him, and what things they could do to be his friends.

CHAPTER FIVE

WE MEET A RABBI

WE MEET A RABBI

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Luke 2:41-51

Luke 15:1-32

Basil Mathews: "Life of Jesus", Chapter V

OBJECTIVE: To show the quality of intelligence in Jesus' life.

WE MEET A RABBI

The next morning after our simple breakfast Mark said that he was going to the Synagogue to school, and that we might accompany him. The prospect didn't thrill Jack so much, but he so admired Mark that he could sacrifice even that for him, but he couldn't resist an objection. "But, Mark," he said earnestly, "Can't you think of anything better to do?"

Mark turned to him very much surprised. "Did you not know that it is one of our laws that a man must know the laws and prophets of our land? ¹ Besides, I am to be a teacher, a rabbi, and I must learn the laws and prophets well, so that I may explain them and help people to righteous living; and the writings, ¹ that I may find comfort for myself and my household."

This silenced Jack. It was a new point of view, and so different a course of reasoning that he could make no answer. There was a question that puzzled me, however. "But, Mark, if you are going to be a teacher, why not spend all your time studying and not care for the sheep? Your father could hire some one for that."

Mark looked pityingly at me for my lack of knowledge. "It is said," he replied, "that a man who does not teach his son a trade, even though he is a teacher, trains a robber. All must know how to work. Why, even our great teacher, Jesus ben Joseph, was a carpenter, and I am to follow him."

Jack spoke up quickly. "Did he go to school?" "Of course he did. Do you think that if he was not a learned man that men

like my father and old Ezra would follow him? Ezra knows more of our laws and prophets than any other man, for he is most called upon to read from the scrolls than any other man - he and my father", Mark added proudly, "and I have heard Ezra say that the Teacher speaks like one with authority - not as the scribes."

"Yes," I added. "Don't you remember, Jack, the story of him at the temple, and how he questioned the wise men there, and he was only twelve years old?"

"Oh, yes!" said Jack quickly. "I just forgot."

By this time we reached the synagogue. It was a small square building, with an outer court and a square room where about a hundred people at the most could sit on the mats on the floor. At the front was a raised platform for reading with seats facing the center of the room where the elders of the town sat. Behind this was a curtain which hid from view the ark with the sacred scrolls.

In the court there were about 25 boys of all ages seated cross-legged on the floor in a circle. In the circle was a kindly looking elderly man, evidently the teacher. The school now was not yet going on, and the boys were chattering among themselves.

Jack looked about, amazed, but he didn't say anything until Mark took us about to show us the building, which he said proudly was "one of the finest in Judea." I thought it very unattractive, and wondered what the others were like, but Jack was thinking about something else. "Say, Mark," he said



in a loud whisper. "Don't the girls go to school here?"

Mark again looked perfectly astonished. "Girls go to school here!" he said in amazement. "Why do girls need learning, except household knowledge, and enough of the laws so that they will make no transgressions of the law? Men", he added proudly, "are leaders of our country. They are God's chosen. Women must stay in the home and care for their husbands."

This was much the same argument I had heard a friend of father's, who was born and brought up in Europe, make to Mother and Father, and I remembered how they had laughed about it. So I asked Mark, "Is this what Jesus teaches?" After a moment's hesitation he said slowly, "No, no, I guess not, altho he hasn't said much about it. But I know that he has spent much of his time in the household of Lazarus, his friend, and has taught Martha and Mary, Lazarus' sisters, much as he has taught his friends."

The school was about to begin so we met the teacher to whom Mark bowed and said, "Peace be with you," and presented us to the kindly man whose name was Isaac. The school began, and it seemed to Jack and me that all they did was recite in unison for hours on end, passages from the Bible. Jack became tired, so he just stretched out on the floor and went to sleep, which, altho it embarrassed me, did not seem to bother the teacher at all. I became more and more impressed at the great amount of learning these boys had. They had no books, but they had memorized the whole Bible, that is, the older boys - the younger ones knew much less, of course.

It seemed years before it was over, but in reality it lasted only three or four hours. When they had finished, Mark turned to me and spoke under his breath, "I wish to stay and question the teacher, but I must wait until all are gone. He is the only teacher about here that loves our friend and wishes to follow him, but he does not wish it known, for he belongs also to the scribes, and they would make life difficult for him if they knew."

Mark busied himself about while the boys were leaving, and as the last boy left, he went up to the teacher, of whom he was evidently a favorite. The quiet awakened Jack, and I had to explain where everybody had gone to keep him from following, for he saw the boys outside playing noisily together. So by the time I reached Mark's side he and the teacher were deep in an interesting discourse about the boy's hero, Jesus. The Rabbi was saying, "If you wish to be a fine leader, to teach the multitudes, follow closely the methods of ---" Here he hesitated, looking at me doubtfully. Mark spoke quickly, "He is a friend, Rabbi, and he too would learn to be a true friend of the Master." The man's face lighted and he placed his hand on my shoulder. "It is good, my son; we shall all learn together."

He went on, "Jesus, the great teacher, knows history so that even the scribes can find no fault in him. He knows our laws, prophets, and writings so well that even the Pharisees, who pride themselves upon their knowledge, can find nothing lacking in his information. But look you to his teaching. He does not speak so learnedly that one cannot understand him, but

he speaks so simply that even a child can listen and receive wisdom. He does not terrify our people with his knowledge and frighten them into following his teachings, but he leads them into understanding by his logical reasoning. To be sure," he continued with a sigh, "there are many things I do not understand, - the parable of the man with the wheat field in which the enemy sowed weeds.² Look you at his teachings of Jehovah, the Father, and his loving care of his children in his story of the wayward son.³ Ah - all can understand that."

He rose quietly to his feet. "It is growing late, my children. The sun is very high in the heavens."

Mark spoke politely, "We would be honored to have you partake of our humble hospitality this night."

The Rabbi looked pleased and thanked Mark. "I am the one honored, to be able to talk again with your father."

Mark made arrangements to meet him at two hours before sundown, and then we went out to have our lunch under the tree a short distance from the building.

FOOTNOTES

1. The laws consisted of these books of the old testament:
Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy
The prophets, of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Amos, Hosea, Ezekiel
The writings, of Psalms, Proverbs
2. Matthew 13:24-31
3. Luke 15:11-32

SUGGESTED DISCUSSION

1. Is there anything else in the life of Jesus that would prove how he felt toward the place of women?
2. Do you think that one can get better results in getting people to do the proper things by frightening them, or by appealing to their minds, helping them see the other point of view, and explaining why it is right? What have you found in your own experience - say, in an athletic game when a person played the game roughly?
3. Can you think of any other part of Jesus' teaching that also appeals to this reasoning? Does Matt. 6:43-48?
4. Can you tell of any place where Jesus showed his knowledge of the Old Testament? (Matthew 12:1-6 is one)
5. What is the difference between this school and the one you attend?

SUGGESTED HAND WORK:

If the students enjoy making things, they might design and make from cardboard a model Synagogue.

CHAPTER SIX

AROUND THE FIRE

AROUND THE FIRE

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Luke 8:26-39

Mark 5:1-20

By an Unknown Disciple, Pages 7-17

OBJECTIVE: To make clear that Jesus knew and understood people.

AROUND THE FIRE

We met Rabbi ben Isaac at the appointed time and walked with him to Mark's home. He questioned us as to our afternoon's activities, and Jack burst out, "You know, Rabbi, I learned some of Isaiah, the great prophet, so now can I join your class?"

The Rabbi smiled, and asked, "Who taught you? and what did you learn?"

Jack spoke rapidly, "Mark taught me, and it's all about Jesus. I've heard people sing about it. It goes like this: 'For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his Kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.'¹ There, isn't that good?"

The Rabbi could hardly repress a smile. "Why, yes, my son, that is a start. But Mark knows that whole scroll and many others all by heart."

Jack's face fell, and the kindly Rabbi laid a hand on his shoulder and spoke gently, "It takes continuous work, my son, to learn, does it not?" He fell to musing. "I would that men knew that this was our Counsellor, our Prince of Peace, that he has not come to be king of lands, but has come to be king of

men's hearts, for he knows their needs, as they themselves do not. Know ye that they wanted to make him King, Mark?"

"Yes, Rabbi, but would he not make a fine king? We would all love him."

"Aye, that he would, but, Mark, did not he himself say that he came to bring the Kingdom of God here on earth? That is a kingdom not as we know it, of armies and battles, but it is a land where men's hearts will be kind. They will love their brothers and love God. Then they will make a just land, and have a merciful rule. Is not that better? Aye, he knows people better than they know themselves, and he loves them in spite of their many transgressions."

We walked on in silence, when we were interrupted by a chuckle from the Rabbi. At our inquiring looks he spoke. "I'll never forget the faces of the Pharisees when the Teacher told them to stop looking for the splinter in another's eye while they had a beam in their own.² He meant that they should look for the fault in themselves before they criticize and judge others. Every one in the multitude saw the point, and much to the discomforture of the wise men, they laughed with the Teacher. Aye, he knows the faults of people."

We arrived just then at the modest home of Mark, which now seemed like home to Jack and me, for here we were now treated like members of the household.

That night after dinner, while Mark's gentle Mother and tiny sister were putting the cooking things away, and we were all seated about the fire, friends of a few nights ago stopped

in - Ezra and his son Joseph, and several young men, evidently good friends of Joseph, for they spoke in that quiet intimate way of understanding. They were obviously pleased to find the Rabbi there, for they greeted him warmly as they sat down with him above the little fire.

The conversation started about the cares of the day - the crops, the animals, and then, one of the young men mentioned that his bride of three months was ill. The men were all instantly solicitous, and Joseph spoke. "It is too bad the Teacher went the other way to Jerusalem - he might have stopped here. He always knows just what to do in cases of illnesses and death."

One of the young men - Eleazar - spoke quickly. "Aye, and he does. I was there when he calmed the man with the devil." The other men broke in, "You were? Will you tell us all? We have had conflicting reports."

The young man was eager to speak, and with a shining far-away look in his eyes he said, "I had gone to the country of Gadarenes across the Galilean Sea to visit my father's brother who had been ill, when I heard it rumored that the Teacher might come there for rest and quiet following his teaching of the multitudes in Galilee. I hurried there and met him as he was leaving the boat. He remembered me, for he had stayed at my father's house, and he knew how I loved him."

The men all nodded for it was common knowledge that this young man had wanted to follow the teacher, but, at the death of his father, the care of a small brother and a mother and a grandmother had fallen upon his young shoulders. It was a

heavy burden, but the young man accepted it with a grace and gentleness that drew admiration from the country side.

The young man continued, "He seemed glad to see me and we walked together to the hillside while Simon Peter and other fishermen were tending the boats. When we reached the brow of the headlands, we saw a herd of swine slowly making its way toward us. As we made our way among them and beyond, a man came hurrying toward us. 'Rabbi,' he cried, 'it is not safe to be here. There are mad men among the tombs - madmen who scream, tear their clothes, and flesh. They are possessed by demons, and are too fierce to be tamed.'

"Jesus asked, 'Has any man tried to tame them?'"

"'O yes, Rabbi, they have been bound with chains, but the one who resides here broke his chains as a chain of flowers and no one dares come near.'

"Jesus asked, 'Is this the only way men have tried to tame him?'

"'But what other way is there?' puzzled the man. 'There is God's way,' answered Jesus, 'Come, let us try it.' I followed willingly, and the swine herders gathered in a little group and followed at a distance.

"We reached the tombs and were gazing about the desolation when the madman rushed toward us, gashing his naked body with sharp stones in his hand, and shrieking hideously. The men behind fled immediately. I stepped forward to stop the madman from leaping upon Jesus, as he indicated he would, when suddenly, he stopped short, and to my surprise, bowed himself

before the Master, and in a piteous voice cried out, 'What do you want with me, O son of the most high God? Do not say you too have come here to torment me!'

"'What is your name?' asked Jesus.

"'My name is Legion, for there are many possessing me.'

"'Why do you say you are possessed of demons?' asked Jesus.

"'I did not say it,' said the man. 'It was they who bound me with chains and tormented me in my agony. I was in fear. They were many, and I only one, and when the agony came upon me, they bound me with chains, and I broke them and fled.'

"'Be at peace,' said Jesus. 'There is none that will torment you now, and you need not tear your clothes and cut your body to frighten your tormentors away. Fear is a foul spirit,' he added. 'Cast it from you.' And he moved off, his cloak about the man, to wash his wounds.

"It was then that the swineherds, who from curiosity had drawn nearer, remembered their swine, and turning, saw them at the edge of the cliff. They were in immediate danger, and all rushed to head them off. But those who knew not the ways of the swine shouted and frightened them so they went headlong over the cliff to their destruction below.

"The swineherds were terrified at the prospect of their masters' anger, and turned on their misguided helpers in fury, when one called out, 'It was the devils. They went into the swine. Did you not see how they left the mad man?'

"When Jesus returned, they asked him, and he said, 'It

was fear, the same devil as possessed this man.' And they
 went off and told their masters."³

The Rabbi spoke thoughtfully, "That is not the story Simon Peter told. He said that Jesus gave the demons permission to enter the swine and they fled down to the sea and were destroyed."

"Peter was not there," said the young man, "He was tending the boats, and heard the shouting and saw the man in his right mind."

Ezra spoke then. "Does it matter either way, my son? Jesus understood the man's trouble and helped him, just as he understands and helps each one of us, (if we love him and allow him to) by faith in him and in Jehovah. Is it not so, my son?" he asked directly of the young man.

"Aye, you are right, I know."

In the silence that followed, there was a sound of gentle rhythmic breathing, and when we turned to see, there was Mark's tiny sister curled up close to her father's side. She had been listening, but had fallen asleep, one hand laying trustingly on her father's arm.

The men smiled as the child's father lifted her to a more comfortable place in his arms, and the Rabbi spoke quietly so as not to awaken her.

"No wonder the Master said, 'To become as a little child.' See how she trusts and has faith!"

FOOTNOTES

1. Isaiah 7:67
2. Matthew 8:1-5
3. This story is in substance the story from "By an Unknown Disciple," Chapter I

SUGGESTED DISCUSSION

1. Is there anything in the life of Jesus that would prove that he loved people and understood them besides those incidents mentioned?
2. Was Eleazar right in saying that it did not matter which story were true of the man in the tombs?
3. Have you ever seen any one like these Pharisees who looked for faults in others, not noticing their own? How should we treat these people?
4. Can we learn to understand people and help them? How? Is it worth while to try to attain this understanding? If we wish to be friends of Jesus as Mark, Bill, and Jack are trying to be, how shall we go about it?
5. Is there a difference between sympathy and pity? Which did Jesus have? Which should we strive to have? How can we learn to have this?
6. Suppose a boy heard that another boy had not the proper clothes to wear and he gave him a coat that he no longer wanted or needed. Does this necessarily mean that the boy was sympathetic toward the needy one?

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE NEWS

THE NEWS

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

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Matthew 20:17-19, 21:6-9

Luke 19:37-41

Kent, C.F. "The Life and Teachings of Jesus"
pages 258--260

Delitzsch, F. "A Day in Capernaum"

OBJECTIVE: To show to the children the courage and fearlessness of Jesus, in order to help them follow his example.

While we were all seated about the fire, and the men were starting preparations to leave, there were rapid footsteps heard outside the house, and in burst a young man, evidently well known to those present. He did not stop for preliminary greetings or words,

"Have you not heard? Jesus! The great Teacher!" His breath failed him and he sat down quickly, panting heavily. The young men were thoroughly alarmed and sprang to their feet, urging him to continue. Rabbi ben Isaac motioned them to silence as he spoke slowly,

"Jesus is well?" The man nodded.

"They have not captured him?" The man shook his head and smiled, trying to catch his breath to speak.

"He is in Jerusalem." He said more slowly but with great excitement. "He entered amid great rejoicing, by people shouting 'Hosanna, blessed is he!' They waved palm branches and accepted him as their leader. I know for I have just had news from my brother who lives there, it happened a day or more ago.

"But that isn't all. He proved more than anything that he is a friend of the people! He once more preformed a service to the people, the greatest he ever did."

The young men were impatient, "Yes, yes, but what?"

The man's voice dropped to an awed tone, yet with exaltation in it.

"He drove the money changers from the temple!"

There was a chorus of startled cries.

"Yes," he continued, "the thieves, the robbers, have not we many times been robbed by these cursed priests? He drove them from the temple, and when the chief priests confronted him, he said, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer, and ye have made it a den of robbers.'¹ Ah-there is a man for you, who cares for the people's needs."

There were nods of approval, and enthusiastic "Ayes" to this statement by the young men, but the Rabbi, Mark's father and old Ezra looked troubled.

Ezra spoke, "Aye, this is a great service to the people, one for which we have been looking forward to a leader, but I fear for him. He has already aroused the wrath of the high priests and scribes by his disregard of the laws when these mean health and happiness of the people; and I fear for his personal safety."

The young men rose quickly. "We will go at once to him. We told him that if he ever needed us we would go to him and bring others would save him at the cost of our own lives, if necessary."

Old Ezra held up his hand, "Aye, I know that you would. But remember that he said that he would call you if he felt that need of an armed force."

"Yes, but he smiled as he said it," one hot headed young man said. "You well know that he does not believe in force. This story of his attack on the thieves in the

temple is the only example of his using force, and that was for the good of the people, not to protect himself."

"Yes, yes," said Ezra, "but he has been very successful in caring for himself so far."

The young men seated themselves, murmuring among themselves. I knew that it would take only a little encouragement and they would be off to Jerusalem.

The Rabbi spoke quietly, his rich voice rising and falling with such clearness and music that the young men listened in spite of themselves.

"You young men are right, he thinks not of himself, but always of the good of these his brethren. Do you remember the great tasks he has put himself to? Think you of the story of his early days of teaching, of the long day he spent in Capernaum? Aye, this teaching of the multitudes is a hard task, and only those who would put their hand to the plow and turn not back can be true followers and friends of the Master.

"Do you remember," he continued, "it was said that on that Sabbath day he entered the synagogue and taught, there a man out of his mind was cured by the quiet strength and authority of the Teacher. Then he went into Simon Peter's house where he ministered to Simon's mother-in-law, and later spent the rest of the day with the multitudes who were gathered outside the door. These he helped and taught. We many of us wonder how he received his strength

th to carry on from day to day the many burdens the multitudes press upon him."

"Yes," spoke young Eleazar, who had spoken earlier in the evening, "I too had often wondered, but I wonder no more, for I know."

"You know," spoke quickly Joseph, son of Ezra, "Then tell us for we too would learn of his secret of strength, and courage, and wisdom."

Eleazar hesitated, "I was with him some hours you know, and I have it from him and indirectly from Simon Peter, James and John."

"Yes, yes," said the impatient Joseph, "tell us all."

"I have heard that he rises long hours before daylight and departs to a solitary place, and there communes with God the Father. This is his secret, he learns and does the will of Him who sent him. He repaired to the mountains before he chose the twelve who are nearest him. Simon Peter says that he taught the multitude to pray in secret, not as the Pharisees do, but quietly, talking to the Father. Peter says that Jesus does that."

Joseph sat quietly, and as I watched him his face grew puzzled, then slowly the bewilderment was replaced by a great glory that shone from his eyes and face. He said softly to himself, "I see now."

The men stirred and slowly rose to their feet.

Joseph and his father, after a dignified farewell, left quietly. The young men gathered around our host and the Rabbi, speaking with conviction,

"Do you not think that we should go to Jerusalem, will he not need us?"

The Rabbi answered thoughtfully. "'Tis almost time for the Passover feast, and if you can go, it would do no harm to leave a day early."

"That will be on the morrow," said the young men, nodding to each other as though they had reached an agreement. They left immediately after a pleasant, "Peace be with you."

The Rabbi hesitated then spoke to Mark's father.

"I like not the signs, my friend. I have heard from reliable sources that he believes that he will not live beyond this Passover feast. It was even said that the Master may be betrayed into the hands of the high priests."

Our host spoke with spirit, "None of his friends will betray him! I was planning to go to the Passover, my children, my wife and I, perhaps we too can leave a few hours early. I desire to see and hear the Teacher again."

The Rabbi sighed, "That would be good. You may prevent these hot headed young men from doing those rash things youth often indulges in when they are aroused by great love."

Just then Mark beckoned to me, and I knew that this

was conversation we were not to listen to, so holding the sleepy Jack's hand, we slipped out to our mat beds, Jack to fall asleep immediately, and I to wonder what the morrow would bring.

THE NEWS

Footnote; Mark 11:17

SUGGESTED DISCUSSION

- .. Are there other places where Jesus showed his willingness to do hard work?
- .. Do you think that Jesus lost his temper when he drove the money changers from the temple?
- .. Do you think that the young men were right in thinking that Jesus would not indulge in force to save even himself? Do you think that that is wise? Would we so love him now if he had used force to save himself? Can you think of any incidents in your life or in the life of some one you know that would prove that force was not the best way? e.g. fighting to get something.
- .. Is it true that most of Jesus' strength came from communion with God? What is prayer? What does it do for us? What do you say when you pray? How did Jesus teach his disciples to pray? (Matt 6:9-13)

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE TRIP POSTPONED

THE TRIP POSTPONED

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Mark 11:27-33 12:13-40

Kent, C.F. "Life and Teachings of Jesus."

pages 250-265

OBJECTIVE: To show the children the courage and fearlessness of Jesus, that they may appreciate him more and so more wholeheartedly follow him.

The next morning while we were having breakfast, Mark and his father talked over plans for leaving late that afternoon. There was much to do, so Jack and I immediately volunteered our help.

After a moment or two Jack looked about and asked, "Where's your sister?" Mark looked a little troubled, and pointed to the side of the room where we could see her rolled in a blanket of skins on her little mat.

"She is not very well, but we trust that she will be well enough to leave with us."

It was easy to see that Mark adored this little girl, although he would never talk about it, for as soon as breakfast was over he went over to her side and talked to her of the things he would teach her on the journey, for, "The Teacher teaches women, therefore you must not remain in ignorance." The child's face brightened. In a moment her father stood beside her, and with a kindly but little worried smile, said, "Peace be with you, little one. I pray to Jehovah that you may be well soon."

We all went outside. I to help mend the sheep fold with Mark, and Jack to help the best he could, which meant running errands, much to his disgust. We worked rapidly, in between times I snatched at conversation with Mark.

"Will we go if she is not better?"

"I do not know. My father is very anxious to go, but if Martha is sick, I doubt if we will leave as early as we

intended." He stopped for a moment, then spoke hesitatingly, "I understand the great Teacher when he speaks of Jehovah as Father, because of my father. You see how he loves Martha, and plans for our comforts and best good."

At noon we returned to the house, and immediately sensed a tension in the air. Mark, with a great fear in his eyes rushed into the house. Following a little later, Jack and I saw Mark, his father and mother and Rabbi ben Isaac bending over the little figure. We caught the arm of a hired man who was just leaving, demanding to know the trouble. All he could tell us was that the child grew much worse, and he had been sent to get the Rabbi, who knew what to do for fever.

We waited outside, and after what seemed to be a long time, Mark and his father appeared, both very pale. The latter spoke answering our anxious faces, "She is to get well, may Jehovah be praised, but we will not leave until tomorrow. Suppose you go to visit our neighbor, the one who gave us the news last night, and who cannot leave until tomorrow, and see if you can find out any more news."

"But," protested Mark, "will not Mother need me?"

"I think not, my son, if so I shall be here."

We arrived, after about fifteen minutes walking, at the neighbor's house, and found him outside polishing his oxen's yokes.

"Peace be with you, Philip," said Mark. The man

Looked up surprised.

"I thought that you had left for Jerusalem this morning."

"No, my sister is ill, and we dare not leave."

Philip was sympathetic, "May Jehovah be with her and with your family."

We sat down close to him as he worked.

"If only the Teacher were here, I am told that his yokes are easy and do not fret the oxen."

"Have you heard any more news?" we asked.

"Yes I have heard this morning from my brother. They have sent spies out to watch him and report his every movement to the high priests. But he knows it, and has many times confounded them with his quick wits, his splendid intelligence, and his high courage."

"Can you tell us?" begged Jack. Philip smiled, and sat down by us.

"The Master does not seem to have any fear. It takes great courage to go against the high priests, the pharisees, and the rest. He seems not to care that he has aroused their great anger.

"Why just a day or so ago, he was confronted by the pharisees who thought to catch him by questioning him about taxes. They knew that if he said to pay taxes to Rome the people would hate him; and if he said not to pay them,



Rome would call him a traitor. Do you know what he did? He took a coin and asked what image was on it. It was a Roman coin and so of course had the head of Caesar on it. So he said to give Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. What could these men do? Nothing of course, and that is just what they did.

"Aye, it takes a man of keen mind and courage to do that." Mark was chuckling to himself, "I guess the Teacher laughed at that."

Philip smiled, "Yes it was very funny. Another thing that he did. When he cleared the temple of the thieves and robbers, the high priests asked him by what authority he did these things. He knew that they were trying to use his words against him, so instead of answering he said, 'Was John's baptism from heaven or men?' He knew that if they said that it was from heaven as they believed, he would ask them why they didn't believe him; and that would have shown how false and insincere they were. They answered instead, 'We do not know.' Then Jesus was justified in refusing to answer a question of theirs that would be used against him."

"But weren't those men very angry?" asked Jack.

"Yes, they were furiously angry at him, my brother said. But they fear to lay hands upon him in the daytime, because the people love him so. They would like to take him when the people are not around."



"But why doesn't someone tell him, so that he can go far away and save himself?"

Philip looked very surprised at Mark who had just spoken. "How little you know the Teacher, my son. He will never run away to save himself. He tells that there in Jerusalem he must do his work in bringing people to the understanding of how to live together as brothers, and that God is Father; and there in Jerusalem he will stay even if it means his death."

"But what can we do?" cried Mark.

"Tomorrow if the little one is better, tell your father to meet me here before daybreak, and we will go to Jerusalem and stay by him and protect him in so far as we can."

"But can't we all go?" I asked. "Jack and Mark and I aren't so big, but maybe we can help."

Philip looked at us in our eagerness, "Yes", he answered, "he needs all of his friends, my son."

Jack, Mark, and I ran as fast as we could back home, and found Mark's father at the door. He answered our questions about the child.

"She is much better, but cannot be moved."

Mark spoke quickly of the things we had just heard, and I did my best to fill in the places that he forgot. When Mark had finished, his father straightened and spoke.

"We shall leave before daybreak in order to arrive at the Passover. The little one is not well, but she is out of danger so her mother will not need us. Mark will



you go at once to Rabbi ben Isaac, tell him all that you have told me, and that we will leave at daybreak, and will he be pleased to look in on the little one and her mother that they may be safe while we are gone?"

Mark went off swiftly, with Jack at his side. I entered the house with this tall man I had grown to love and completely trust. Together we gathered together the things we were to take on the morrow.

I was filled with fear for this great Teacher I had never seen but with whom I felt a kinship. What would we find in Jerusalem?



SUGGESTED DISCUSSION

1. Can you think of any other place in the story of Jesus that would show his great courage?
2. Do you think Jesus wise not to run away from trouble? Is it ever wise to run away? Would we remember him so much now if he had saved himself? Why?
3. Is it possible for us to run away from responsibility? What happens if we do?



CHAPTER NINE

ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM



ON THE ROAD TO JERUSALEM

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Mark 4:31-36

Luke 4:16-32

Matthew 4:1-11

OBJECTIVE: To make clear the far-seeing loyalty of Jesus, that the pupils may see and understand his actions and follow his example.



The next morning we rose several hours before dawn. It was the day before the Passover feast, and the air was clear and cool.

There was little talking in that household that morning, even our impulsive Jack was quiet. Mark sat long beside his little sister, talking with her, trying to keep her from feeling too keenly her disappointment on not being able to go with us.

The dark eyed mother of Mark was moving swiftly about arranging the food we were to take with and the presents we were to take to her sister who lived just outside of Jerusalem, for here we were to spend the night. She was so quiet in her movements and speech that I did not realize how important a place she had in the household, until I saw her husband asking question about the journey of her, and how he asked for and listened to her opinions on many questions. I remembered then too that Mark brought to her all his troubles and incidents of the days happenings, as did the women of the houses about.

She went with us a space toward Philip's house, and when she took her leave she spoke quietly but with deep feeling in her voice.

"Remember, my husband, no matter what happens, have faith in Jehovah God. I feel there are many things happening these days that we cannot understand, but 'God's way is perfect, the word of the Lord is tried, he is a buckler



for all those that trust in him!"

We arrived at Philip's house and found him waiting there for us, so we lost no time on our journey. As it grew light, we found many groups of people walking briskly, with their faces turned toward Jerusalem. We did not speak very much, but soon caught up to a group of men whom both Philip and Mark's father knew. After a few moments of greeting and talking of unimportant things, one man spoke,

"I hear that the Prophet's friends are fast falling away from him."

"Aye, and they should," replied his hard faced companion. "I followed him gladly because I saw his great leadership possibilities, and I thought to myself, here was one man who could save our land and drive out the Romans. But what did he do! Instead of inflaming the people to hatred of the Romans and leading us against them, he talked of loving your enemies, doing good to them that despitefully use you! Bah! Silly patterings of a child! They should have done away with him a long time ago."

"Think you," replied Mark's father, "that the high intelligence of Jesus did not permit him to see that he could lead his country to avenge their foes? Think you that this power was not a great temptation? He loves this land as much as any Jew, but he pleads allegiance to a higher cause and law than the law of hate and revenge. He holds allegiance to the great law of love that binds and



holds all in a bond closer than any other law, for it is the law of Jehovah God. The Jehovah of hate was lost in the sufferings of the prophet Hosea, and now we know that Jehovah is the God of Love and of all Humankind."

"All humankind!" exploded the hard faced man. "Maybe, but not the Romans. They are dogs!"

"Jehovah is the God of all, and we are brothers of all men. If we have love one to another is not that the better way? Then we could live together in fellowship. This is what Jesus holds loyalty to! Not to hate but to love! And all the influences of men like you who can not see beyond their little emotions and passions will not change or alter his loyalty! May Jehovah bless him and be with him and us." Finished Mark's father.

"Bah!" almost shrieked the man. "You are worse than he is. Child patter! Silly murmurings! I'll have none of them!" With that he strode on ahead without a backward look.

"Boy," breathed Jack, "is he mad!"

"But Dan," he said seriously to me, "if what Mark's father says is true, does that mean that we must be nice to - well - to the Japanese and everybody, - even Bud?" (Bud was the bully of the school, and Jack's pet enemy.)

"Yes, I think so. But we must have love and not hate in our hearts. Then no matter what they do they can't hurt us inside, and pretty soon they get ashamed bothering us and stop. I think that is it."



Mark and his father were deep in an interesting conversation, so Jack and I listened. Mark was saying,

"Do many of the men feel like that, Father?"

"Yes, my son, I'm afraid they do. Even the Teacher's home folks at Nazareth refused to accept him and almost stoned him out of the town when he preached to them, and tried to arouse them from their hard heartedness. Why even his mother and brothers thought that he had lost his reason and came to take him back to Nazareth. Even in these great trials he steadfastly kept his visions and ideals and his loyalty to what he knew to be right."

"But now, Father, what of now?"

The man sighed, "I think, my son, that he knows how many people feel, and how the chief priests and pharisees feel toward him, but he is not going to run away. He is willing to pay with his life for his loyalty if necessary."

"But Father, is not that too great a price to pay?"

"What think you, Mark? Is standing for the best in life, to what you believe to be right; not worthy of sacrifice, even so great a sacrifice as that?"

Mark was silent, but I felt his agreement just as I knew my own convictions of the subject.

We walked on in silence. The closer we approached Jerusalem, the greater were the crowds, and their restlessness greatly increased.



It was after dark when we reached the home of Mark's aunt and uncle, and being very weary, we ate the excellent supper she had prepared and went immediately to bed.

The house was in a secluded place away from the highway so everything was quiet. We slept well, not dreaming of the tragedy that awaited us on the morrow.



SUGGESTED DISCUSSION

Is it possible for us to keep loyal to the best in us, if the crowd we go with is in the habit of doing things that we think are not right? Should we leave the group? If we stay how should we act toward them? "Holier than thou" attitude? Would we be considered a "wet blanket"?



FOOTNOTE

1. Psalm 18:50



CHAPTER TEN

THE PASSOVER MORNING



THE PASSOVER MORNING

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Matthew 26:47-27:38

Mark 14:45-15:14

Luke 23:1-38

Oxenham "Hidden Years" pages 205-211

Tenny "Career and Significance of Jesus"

Note to the Teacher: The problem of the resurrection is a difficult one in any case, and especially difficult one to explain with any degree of satisfaction to children of this age. Therefore, the discussion of the problem is left to the convictions of the teacher and the theological teachings of his church. The object of this lesson is, however, to show the faith of Jesus.



It was still dark when we were awakened by loud round-ing on the door. We were all aroused, when young Joseph stumbled in and sank down on a stool, trembling and exhaust-ed. We stood by in terror, when Mark's father shook him fiercely, demanding to know what the trouble was.

"It's all over." he gasped.

"Jesus?"

"They have taken him, they will never let him go."

Mark spoke fiercely, "Why did you let them?"

Joseph answered dully, "We had no thought that they would take him until after the Passover, and we were out trying to gather as many of his friends as possible to pro-tect him. They seized him in the night. The cowards! Caia-phas and Anas have done this! They are strong, they will force Pilate to cause his death! Would that I had known!" he groaned.

Mark's father tried to comfort him, "He would not have you use force, my son. Where is he now?"

"At Pilate's house, I think. Pilate could find no fault with him, and because he is a Galilean, has sent him to Herod to be judged. Everyone knows that Herod is too much afraid of the Romans to condemn a man to death, and will probably send him back. What shall we do?"

"We shall leave at once for Pilate's house."

There were already a great mass of people standing tense and silent, watching and waiting. He wait· d and



waited and it grew light and warmer. We could see and hear the servants of the priests weaving in and among the crowd, whispering accusations against the Son of Man. We overheard one whispering to a group of people. "He is a blasphemer! Calls himself Son of God! He deserves to be crucified for that!" Another was saying, "Said he would tear down the temple and build it again in three days. Our temple where we worship our true Jehovah! Should we allow him to live after that?"

Slowly the crowd was aroused to a fever pitch of excitement, hatred, and fury. The servants of the priests had done their work well.

When Pilate appeared, the noise was so loud that we could hear nothing, but saw Pilate standing seeming to argue with the people, looking at the mob scornfully. He raised his hand and shoulder in contempt and called to someone inside. In a moment a soldier appeared with a silver basin and cloth which he held while Pilate washed his hands and dried them.

A tall man in front of me grasped the meaning of this strange action and explained, "He washes his hands of the matter, and casts the responsibility on the priests. So they will have their way with him after all."

"What will they do?" I gasped.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Do away with him, I guess."



"Oh no!" I cried as Mark and I gazed at one another in horror.

It was a long time before the crowd dispersed so that we could get out. When we had managed it we ran around the side of the house in hopes of getting in to see Jesus, but could see nothing. When we made our way back to the front, we heard a man speak in a frightened whisper, "They have taken him out to Golgatha."

"Where, which way?" panted Mark, grasping the man's arm in his anxiety.

The man pointed out the way, and Mark and I went off at a run through the rough, narrow, winding streets. Ahead we could see a company of soldiers and we could hear the cries of the people.

On the way we sped, our anxiety and fear making us entirely forgetful of ourselves. When we reached the company of soldiers that hemmed in the prisoners, we threw ourselves upon the nearest Roman soldier, who happened to be an officer, crying, "Where is he? What have you done to him?"

The soldier turned upon us in a rage, and seizing me, grasped me firmly and with his face close to mine said savagely, "Are you one of his followers?" Through chattering teeth I said that I was. Then he shook me as a dog shakes a rat. While this was going on, a curious change



came over me. My eyes opened slowly, and instead of the enraged Roman soldier, I saw the anxious face of my father bending over me. He was shaking me and calling,

"Dan, Dan, wake up. Don't struggle so, its Father."

Slowly I realized where I was, and what a relief it was! In a few quick sentences I explained my adventures, and anxiously asked, "Did they kill him, Father, is he dead?"

My father sat down beside me and spoke thoughtfully, "Yes Son, they killed his body, but they couldn't kill his spirit. He lives today as truly as he did two thousand years ago. He lived then in body, now he lives in men's lives and hearts. After all these years we have not yet learned to live as he taught us to. But he had faith in people then that someday they would learn, so we must have faith in the people now, that by our helping we can bring a just and happy world into being.

"We must have faith in God as Jesus did, he did not doubt or falter in the way of God, and in doing what he believed to be right. We will do the same."

"Can we be friends of Jesus and his followers, too?"

"Friends and followers of Jesus are as much needed now as they were those long years ago. But they must work harder now, because they understand more now of what Jesus taught. Are you ready to take that responsibility, Dan?"

"I am, but its going to be hard," I said, remembering



the many things I had learned.

"Me too," said Jack who was standing close by.

"Yes, it is going to be hard, but we'll all work together." said Father. We shook hands on it, and rose and entered the waiting car.

100

The Cross.

To me the cross of Christ doth bring
Promise of a nobler thing
Than race or nationalistic creed.
A grander hope inspired the deed
Of Him who on the cross did die
To lift man's life to God on high,
That man to man should brother be,
Each bound to each in sympathy,
That Heaven's blessing all may share
As tokens of God's loving care.
'Tis this the Christ doth signify
As child of God sent from on high.

How then shall we due honor show?
By striving the same path to go
O'er which he wished mankind to lead
With loving vision turned to deed.

Dr. Alexander Lyons,
Rabbi, Eighth Avenue Temple,
Brooklyn, New York.



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A fictionized picture of Jesus, filling in the gaps left by the synoptic gospels. The emphasis is on his early life. It is well written with a very romantic touch. It gives a very human picture of the Man of Galilee, but is of questionable value especially in the picture of his romance.





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